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The Young Prince of the Ruala, Amir Fuaz

Within sight of Jauf opens out the great, red-sand desert of the Nufud, which extends more than three hundred miles from east to west and nearly two hundred miles from north to south. Its northern half, called El-Labbe, forms the proper grazing ground of the Ruala. Their real home is there. The southern part is held by the Shammar Bedouins, who have made Hayil, on the southern edge of the Nufud, their trading centre.

Until after the Great War, the Shammar were ruled by Ibn Rashid, a renegade governor of the Ibn Sa'ûd family, who, with his Negro bodyguard, had rebelled against his masters and had taken Hayil. Ibn Sa'ûd, however, succeeded in recovering that dominant position, which secured him undisputed power in Central Arabia (Nejd, Kasim, and Hejaz).

The efforts Ibn Sa'ûd made to weld all the tribes into one national unit, his subjugation, in campaign after campaign, of all *Shiyukhs* (*Sheykhs*) who resisted him, are well known. Now, at the time of my first sojourn in the land of the Bedouins, this Ibn Rashid, the traitor governor, had still the greater part of Inner Arabia under his power. He became so completely sovereign that his former masters, the Ibn Sa'ûd family, had to live for decades in exile, while the "Black Princes" held sway over the towns and oases as well as the many Bedouin tribes of Central Arabia. In the history of Arabia there are few bolder achievements than Ibn Sa'ûd's recovery, with a mere handful of men, of his capital, Riyadh, his subjugation of Hayil and the Shammar, until he, adding success to success, became at length the

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643 669 virtual dictator of Arabia, to whom the world to-day accords its sincere admiration.

At the time of which I speak, however—in 1912—
622 619 721 Nauaf, the son of Nuri Sha'lan, was at war against the hereditary enemy of the Ruala, the Shammar Bedouins and their ruler, Ibn Rashid, who held Jauf. The capture of that oasis was the objective of long and bitter fighting. Much blood was shed; every year took its long toll of human lives. Now, however, Nauaf had come close to his goal and soon Jauf actually fell into his hands.

114 Nauaf had three sons, amongst whom was the young Prince, Amir Fuaz; it is with him I would begin my tale. For to this child I owe the fact that I was privileged to live with the Ruala as one of them, that I was permitted to visit them eleven times in twenty-two years; that I wandered, hunted, and fought with them; that on horseback or camel-back, I crossed and recrossed their grazing-grounds year in and year out; that I was adopted into the tribe as a Rueyli chieftain; and that they knew and loved me as I knew and loved them.

856 868 Amir Fuaz was just eight years of age. Even so, he already had the reputation of being an adroit rider and a good shot, though his legs were yet rather short to grip the flanks of a mare and his arms to weak to balance a carbine for any length of time. "Wordly learning", as the Arabs call reading and writing, held no interest for him. He preferred to go camel-riding with me or to join
777 in the hunt. His mother, Misha'il, who had gone blind, proudly related to me that it was an omen of good for the future that Nuri Sha'lan had laid the halter of his war-mare and a silver *khanjar* in the boy's cradle. The